

For Lady E. Foster
from Chas

LEONORA.







Booker's del.

H. Long's del.

Farþv nu þars
þic hafi allan gramir. *Edda Se mundar.*

London Printed, for W. Miller, Old Bond Street.

L. M. S. Parker
1799

LEONORA.

A TALE,

TRANSLATED FREELY FROM THE

GERMAN

OF

GOTTFRIED AUGUSTUS BÜRGER.

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BY J. T. STANLEY, ESQ. F. R. S.

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“ Poetry hath Bubbles, as the water has :
“ And these are of them.”—

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Second Edition.

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR WILLIAM MILLER,
OLD BOND STREET.

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1796.

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## P R E F A C E.

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**T**HE following little Poem was translated by a respectable friend of the publisher, who, being favoured with a perusal, was much pleased with its wild originality; and he has thought himself fortunate in obtaining permission to lay it before the public.

The German author, conscious, perhaps, of the latitude he gives his imagination, was willing to shield himself under that liberty which

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which poets are allowed the privilege of possessing : for the parody of the words

“ The earth hath bubbles, as the water has ;

“ And these are of them”——

which is placed as a motto to the title-page, is to be found in a preface to a collection of his works, published by him in his own country :—Was it not for these *bubbles*, which nature, in her lavish mode, sometimes permits to issue from the mind, poetry would be deprived of many of her most beautiful productions.

The Poem will be found, in many respects, to have been altered from the original ; but more particularly towards the conclusion, where the translator thinking the  
moral

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moral not sufficiently explained, has added several lines. The German poem concludes with a stanza, the literal meaning of which may be given in the following words :

Now in the moonshine, round and round,  
Link'd hand in hand, the spirits fly ;  
And as they dance, in howling sound,  
Have patience ! patience ! loud they cry.  
Though rack'd with sorrow, be resign'd,  
And not with God in Heaven contend :  
May God unto thy soul be kind,  
Thy earthly course is at an end.

But in order to shew more clearly what have been the variations, a few copies of the German text will be printed, which may be had, sewed up with the translation, by such as should be desirous of comparing the one with the other.

The



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The success of some late publications has proved that the wild and eccentric writings of the Germans are perused with pleasure by the English reader. "Leonora" is certainly not void of that fire and energy for which their authors are celebrated: It is therefore submitted to the perusal of the public, with the hope that it will not be less favourably received.

WILLIAM MILLER.

*Old Bond Street,  
February 8, 1796.*





## LEONORA.

### I.

**A**S Leonora left her bed,  
“William,” she cried, “art false or dead!  
“I dreamt thou’st ne’er return.”  
William had fought in Frederick’s host,  
At Prague. But what his fate—if lost  
Or safe, she could not learn.

B

Hun-

## II.

Hungaria's Queen and Prussia's King,  
Wearied with their long bickering,  
Resolv'd to end the strife :  
Homewards then, their separate routs,  
The armies took, with songs and shouts,  
With cymbal, drum, and fife.

## III.

As deck'd with boughs they march'd along,  
From every door, the old and young  
Rush'd forth the troops to greet :  
Thank God! each child and parent cry'd,  
And welcome, welcome, many a bride,  
As friends, long parted, meet.

## IV.

They joy'd. Poor Leonora griev'd :  
No kiss she gave, no kiss receiv'd ;  
Of William none could tell.  
She wrung her hands, and tore her hair ;  
Till left alone in deep despair,  
Bereft of sense, she fell.

Swift

## V.

Swift to her aid her mother came,

“ Ah! say,” she cried, “ in Heaven’s name,

“ What means this frantic grief?”

“ Mother, ’tis past, all hopes are fled,

“ Heaven hath no pity—William’s dead.

“ My woe is past relief!”

## VI.

“ Oh! mercy, mercy, Lord above,

“ My child, with prayers invoke his love,

“ The Almighty never errs.”

“ Oh! mother, mother, idle prate,

“ Can God be anxious for my fate,

“ Who never heard my prayers?”

## VII.

“ Forbear—forbear—in God believe,

“ The good he can, and will relieve:

“ To trust his power endeavour.”

“ Oh! mother, mother, all is vain,

“ No trust can bring to life again,

“ The past, is past for ever.”

## VIII.

- " My child, who knows, he yet survives,  
 " Perchance, far off from hence, he lives,  
 " And thinks no more of you :  
 " Forget, forget the faithless youth,  
 " Away with grief, your sorrow soothe,  
 " For William prov'd untrue."

## IX.

- " Mother, all hope has fled my mind,  
 " The past is past : our God's unkind ;  
 " Why did he give me breath ?  
 " Would that this hated loathsome light,  
 " Could fade for ever from my sight,  
 " Come death, come, welcome death !"

## X.

- " Indulgent Father, spare my child,  
 " Her agony hath made her wild,  
 " She knows not what she does.  
 " Daughter, forget thy earthly love,  
 " Look up to him who reigns above,  
 " There joys succeed to woes."

" Oh !



XI.  
XIX

" Oh! mother, mother, Hell or Heaven,  
" Woe or joy, are now all even:  
" William was Heaven alone.  
" Fade from my eyes, thou hated light,  
" Descend, my soul, to endless night,  
" For love and hope are flown."

XII.  
XX

Thus rashly, Leonora strove  
To doubt the truth of Heavenly love;  
She wept, and beat her breast:  
She pray'd for death, till now the moon,  
With all the stars, in silence shone,  
And sooth'd the world to rest.

XIII.

When hark! without, what sudden sound,  
What trampling hears she on the ground?  
Some horseman must be near.  
He stops; he rings. Hark! as the noise  
Dies soft away, a well-known voice  
Thus greets her listening ear.  
" Awake!

## XIV.

"Awake! awake! arise, my dear.

"Can Leonora sleep? I'm here.

"Is William welcome home?"

"Dear William, thou!—return'd and well!

"What joy! But whence, and why, ah! tell,

"At night—so late—you come?"

## XV.

"At midnight only dare we roam;

"For thee, from Prague, though late, I come."

"For me! Stay here, and rest.

"The wild winds whistle o'er the waste,

"Ah! dearest William, why such haste?

"First warm thee in my breast."

## XVI.

"Let the winds whistle o'er the waste,

"My duty bids me be in haste:

"Quick, mount upon my steed.

"Let the winds whistle far and wide,

"Ere morn, an hundred leagues we'll ride,

"To reach our marriage bed."

"What!

XX.  
XVII.

- “ What! William; for a bridal room,  
“ Travel this night so far from home!”  
“ Leonora, 'tis decreed.  
“ Look round thee, love, the moon shines clear,  
“ The dead ride swiftly; never fear,  
“ We'll reach our marriage bed.”

XVIII.

- “ Ah! William, whither would'st thou speed,  
“ What! where! this distant marriage bed?”  
“ Leonora, no delay:  
“ 'Tis far from here; still, cold, and small:  
“ Six planks, no more, compose it all.  
“ Our guests await, away!”

XIX.

She lightly on the courser sprung,  
And her white arms round William flung,  
Like to a lily wreath:  
In thund'ring gallop, off they flew,  
While streams of fire their heels pursue,  
And soon they pant for breath.

The

## XX.

The objects fly on every side,  
The bridges thunder as they ride:

“ Art thou, my love, afraid ?  
“ Death swiftly rides, the moon shines clear,  
“ The dead doth Leonora fear ?”  
“ Ah ! no. Why name the dead ?”

## XXI.

Hark ! as their rapid course they urge,  
A passing bell, and solemn dirge ;

Hoarse ravens join the strain :  
They see a coffin and a bier,  
While priests and mourners too, appear,  
Slow moving o'er the plain.

## XXII.

“ I am carrying home a beauteous bride,”  
In voice imperious, William cried :  
“ Quick, priests, your service read ;  
“ And, mourners, chaunt a wedding song,  
“ For yet to-night we haste along,  
“ To reach our marriage bed.”

The

## XXIII.

The dirges stopp'd, the priests obey'd ;  
As William bad, they sang and pray'd.

But on, with furious bound,  
The breathless courser forward flew,  
Fire and stones his heels pursue,  
Like whirlwinds dash'd around.

## XXIV.

On right and left, and left and right,  
Trees, hills, and towns flew past their sight,

As on the courser prest.

“ With the bright moon, like death we speed ;

“ Doth Leonora fear the dead ?”

“ Ah ! leave the dead at rest.”

## XXV.

Behold, where in the moon's pale beam,  
As wheels and gibbets faintly gleam,

Join'd hand in hand, a crowd

Of imps and spectres hover nigh,

Or round a wasted wretch they fly,

When William calls aloud.

C

“ Hither,



## XXVI.

“ Hither, ye airy rabble, come,  
“ And follow till I reach my home ;  
“ We want a marriage dance.”  
As when the leaves on wither'd trees  
Are rustled by an eddying breeze,  
The muttering sprites advance.

## XXVII.

But soon with hurried steps, the crew  
Rush'd prattling on ; for William flew,  
Thundering o'er the ground,  
Swift as a shaft, or as the wind,  
While streams of fire he left behind,  
And dash'd the stones around.

## XXVIII.

Not only flew the landscape by ;  
The clouds and stars appear'd to fly.  
“ Thus over hills and heath  
“ We ride like death : say, lovely maid,  
“ By moon-light dost thou fear the dead ?”  
“ Ah ! speak no more of death.”

“ The

## XXIX.

- “ The cock hath crow’d—Away ! away !  
“ The sand ebbs out : I scent the day.  
“ On !—on ! Away from here !  
“ Soon must our destin’d course be run.  
“ The dead ride swift. Hurrah ! ’tis done.  
“ The marriage bed is near.”

## XXX.

High-grated iron doors, in vain,  
Barr’d their way : with loosen’d rein,  
William urg’d the steed.  
He struck the bolts, they open flew,  
A church-yard drear appear’d in view,  
Their path was o’er the dead,

## XXXI.

As, now half veil’d by clouds, the moon  
With feeble ray, o’er objects shone,  
Where tomb-stones faint appear ;  
A grave, new dug, arrests the pair,  
William turn’d round, and clasp’d the fair,  
“ Our marriage bed is here.”

## XXXII.

Scarce had he spoke, when, dire to tell,  
His flesh, like touchwood, from him fell;

His eyes forfook his head :

A skull and naked bones, alone,

Supply the place of William gone,

'Twas Death that clasp'd the maid.

## XXXIII.

Wild, snorting fire, the courser rear'd,

As wrapp'd in smoke, he disappear'd :

Poor Leonora fell.

The hideous spectres hover round,

Deep groans she hears from under ground,

And fiends ascend from Hell.

## XXXIV.

They dance, and cry in dreadful howl,

" Ask Heaven for mercy on thy soul,

" Thy earthly course is done.

" When mortals, rash and impious, dare

" Contend with God, and court despair,

" We claim them as our own."

" Who

## XXXV.

“ Who call on God, when press’d with grief,  
“ Who trust his love for kind relief,  
“ Ally their hearts to his :  
“ When Man will bear, and be resign’d,  
“ God ever soothes his suffering mind,  
“ And grants him future bliss.”



XXXX

Being the 50th year of the reign of  
Her Majesty Queen Victoria  
the 1st of January 1876  
the 1st of January 1876  
the 1st of January 1876  
the 1st of January 1876  
the 1st of January 1876  
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